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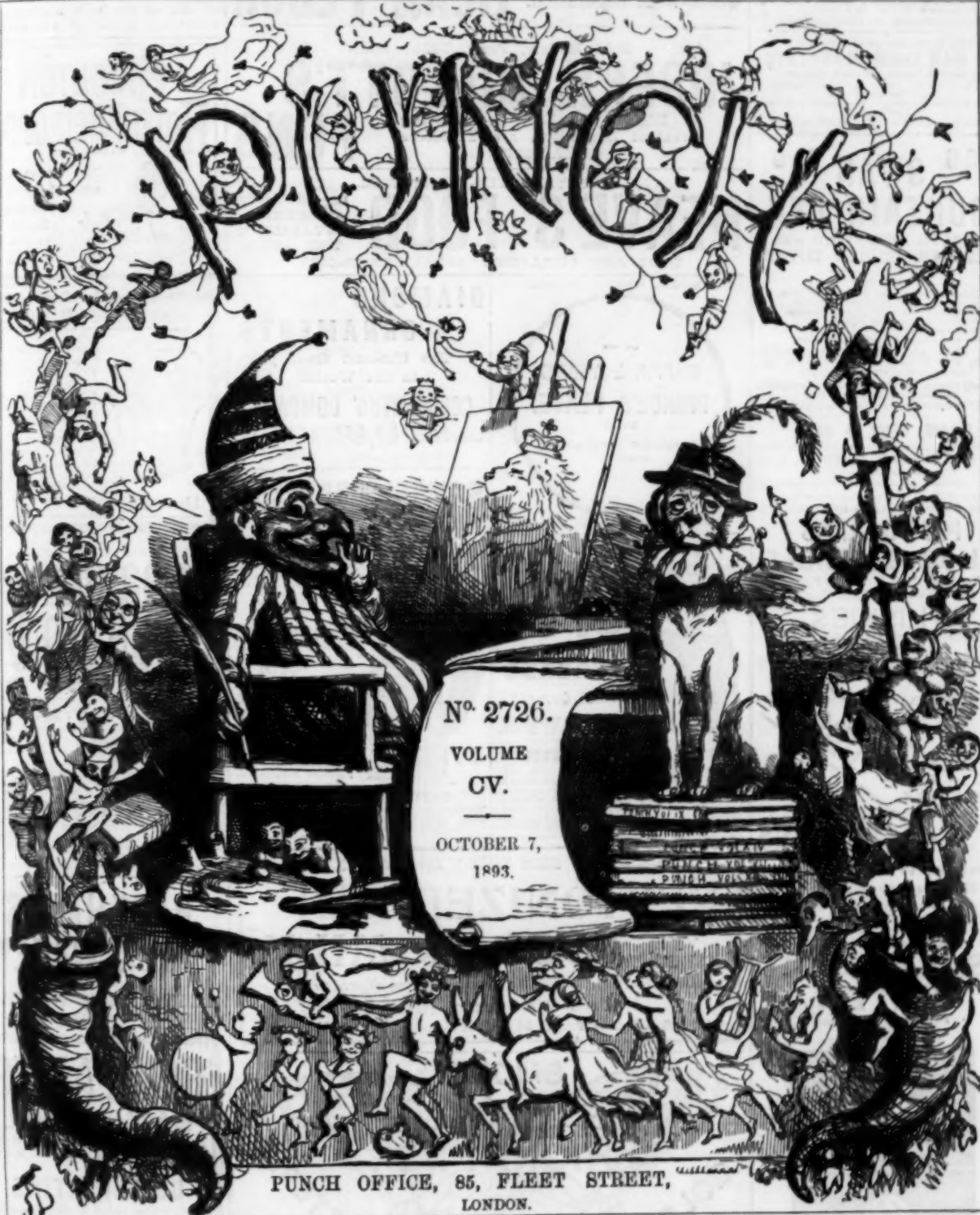
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"DUE SOUTH!"

On Shore in Lulworth Cove.—Odd names on this Southern coast. The "Tilly Winn Caves," for example; likewise "Durdle Dhor," or "Durdle Door." Who was MATILDA WINN; familiarly styled "TILLY"? An old fisherman mending his nets,—he is evidently



"The Cove of Lulworth Cove,"—gives me the following tale, which I set down as the

LEGEND OF TILLY WINN
AND
DURDLE D'OR.

The winsome Lady MATILDA WINN,

Was a-ris-to-crati-cal-ly thin,

With dove-like eyes. Her golden hair

Was circled with gems so rich and rare.

White and pink was the healthy skin

Of the winsome Lady MATILDA WINN.

The Lord of LULWORTH, a somnolent Earl,

Gave his moustache an extra curl

As he woke in the morn, and ope'd his eye,
A passing fair lady was passing by!
Then he swore to himself, "Through thick and thin,
I'll win the Lady MATILDA WINN."

The Lord of LULWORTH, that somnolent peer,
Gained the young lady's father's ear.

Who said, "My TILLY must me obey.

One week to-morrow shall be the day
When Lulworth's Earl shall become our kin,
By wedding my daughter! my TILLY WINN!"

MATILDA WINN made signs from shore
To her pirate lover, bold DURDLE D'OR.

Who came at night with ladder of rope,

For TILDA WINN had agreed to elope.

"We're privately married, so 'tis no sin,"
Quoth the beautiful Lady MATILDA WINN.

But the somnolent Earl and the testy Lord

Pursued and caught, ere they got aboard

The pirate vessel, the lovers twain,

Who leapt from the boat! And ne'er again,

When past and gone was the tempest's din,

Were seen DURDLE D'OR and his TILLY WINN.

There is as pleasant a little hostelry in Lulworth Cove as is to be found anywhere in a quiet sort of way, with lunch made and provided, ready for all comers, be they never so plentiful. Mind always on this coast command the lobster, he is *toujours à vos ordres*. Those who can be content with the minimum of variety in the way of amusement, and with the maximum of health will assuredly find it here, where they can live the life of a sort of luxurious *Robinson Crusoe*—bathing, fishing, walking—five or six miles from the nearest railway station, and visited occasionally by steamboats, which cannot come in quite close to shore, bringing passengers, from whom tidings may be obtained of what is going on in the outer world.

Note.—Of music on board.—Almost every steamboat is accompanied by a couple of instrumentalists—a harpist and a violinist. These duettists do uncommonly well pecuniarily, and musically too, considering the difficulties presented by the sea passages. One of their more favourite performances is the *intermezzo* from the *Rusticana*. Returning from Swanage the wind rather interferes with the strings by attempting to unfasten the music paper. But the violinist, well on the alert, has foreseen the probability arising of there being "three sheets to the wind," and has nailed his colours to the mast, that is, has tied the music-paper firmly on to the stand. Still, in order to grapple with rude Boreas, he has to drop a few bars of his part in the *intermezzo*, a proceeding that causes no sort of inconvenience to the harpist, who ingeniously "slows off," and adapts time and tune to the exceptional situation, until the wind, being out of breath with its mischievous exertions, allows the fiddle-strings to resume their part in the concert, and kindly permits the two musicians to finish triumphantly. Their gallant efforts are well rewarded, and the musical pilgrims collect *largesse* in a scallop-shell. Back again to P'm'th.

THEN AND NOW.

MR. PUNCH'S REPLY TO THE PREMIER.

"There is a popular periodical which, whenever it can, manifests the Liberal sentiments by which it has been guided from the first—I mean the periodical *Punch*. At that time I had the honour of figuring, if I remember right, in a Cartoon of *Punch*, in connection with the rejection of the Paper Duty, and a clever Cartoon it was, for I was represented as a little lad in school, sitting (it was *standing*, Sir—Mr. P.) upon a small stool, and Lord DANNY—the Lord DERRBY of that day, who led the House of Lords—was standing over me with an immense sheet of paper, made into a fool's-cap, which he planted on my head."—Mr. Gladstone at Edinburgh, Sept. 27, 1893.]

See Cartoon, "The Paper Cap," in *Punch* (p. 223, vol. xxxviii.), June 2, 1890.

THIRTY-THREE years ago, my WILLIAM, thirty-three years ago, Yet you, as of yore, are well to the fore, and *Punch*, too, is in front also;

And that paper cap was a popular crown, as *Punch* at the time With the real fool's-cap, by a singular hap, "the Lord DERRBY" himself was invested.

Punch "advised his friend GLADSTONE to look out for squalls, and likewise look out his umbrella."

(*Prophetic* that, but then *Mister P.* was always that sort of a fella!) You have used a good many "umbrellas" since then, both Old and New (Castle) "brollies,"

As you needed a stout one in DERRBY's storm, so you will, my dear WILLIAM, in SOLLY's.

You have "had the honour of figuring," Sir, many times since then in my pages;

As I hope, my dear WILLIAM, with all my heart, you'll continue to do—oh! for ages!

The same great designer of "clever cartoons" ("our Sir JOHN") is as lively as ever,

And if you'll give him suitable subjects, dear boy, he'll still furnish cartoons quite as clever.

"Liberal sentiments"—"manifest still"—"whenever I can," you say? Well, Sir!

My sentiments, WILLIAM, are liberal *always*—but with a small non-party I, Sir!

"Liberal souls devise liberal things"—you know the authority grand, Sir!

If your Liberal things are "liberal," always, by liberal things you shall stand, Sir.

There! *Verb. sap.*, my long-honoured old chap! May a real fool's-cap crown you never,

But a Crown of Honour be yours at the end—which we'd wish to postpone, Sir, for ever!

Thanks very much for your genial touch. We have pleasant joint memories, many,

Since you fought the good fight on the Paper Duty and a Press at the Popular Penny!

Colourable.

"The banners of most of the Dutch regiments have hitherto been those captured from the French at Waterloo in 1815, since when they have never been renewed."—*Daily News*, September 22.]

The Dutch have had second-hand flags to fight under;
And so if "Dutch courage" mean borrowed, what wonder?

Hiss-TRIONIC QUERY.—Where exists the theatrical manager who, utterly disregarding of tradition and reckless as to the omen of "the Bird," would have produced a new piece for the first time last Friday night, which was *Michaelmas Day*, the day sacred to the Goose? We know of only one manager likely to be so bold, and he would not be so audacious as to defy the combined omens of ill.

Ichabod!

(As it generally seems now in Sculling Matches on the Thames.

Row, brothers, row! But you don't row fast!

It's foreigner first, and Britisher last!

JOHN no longer can sing now, "I says the Bull"

(As in Poor Cock Robin), "because I can pull!"

COAL AND DRAMA.—MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD says that the Princess's Pit, which has been closed for a long time, will be at once re-opened. The price has been generally accepted.

NEWS OF THE MATABEL.—The "Impi" are "suffering from want of supplies." They are impi-cunious.

THE MOST GRATUITOUS FORM OF VICE.—Ad-vice!

THE REIGN OF RINGLETS.

["It is announced that ringlets are to be worn again by ladies, and that side whiskers are coming in for fashionable men."—*Daily News*.]

On prospect Elysian! It
called back a vision
Of youth, and those
girls of JOHN LEECH's,
JOHN LEECH's,
Of "corkscrews" that
"doddle" all round
a fair noddle,
Blue eyes and flushed
cheeks like ripe
peaches, ripe peaches.
I think of sweet NELLY,
whose curls, like a
jelly,
Shook soft as she
"spooned" me at
croquet, at croquet.
But then came lawn
tennis old fashion to
mensae,
And croquet and curls
were dubbed "pokey,"
dubbed "pokey."

But ringlets! O rap-
ture! One spiral to
capture
Of NELL's many hun-
dreds and snip it,
and snip it.
Was simply delightful.
She'd swear she
"looked frightful"
As into my bosom I'd
slip it, I'd slip
it.

But one among dozens,
on heads like my
cousin's,
Love-larceny was, and
not robbery, rob-
bery.

If now I dared sever from "tousle-mops"
clever
One tress, there would be a rare bobbery,
bobbery.

Ah me! how times alter! My scissors would
falter
In trying a *Rape of the Lock* to-day, *Lock*
to-day.

NELL's trim buxom body, with curls thick
and "doddy,"
Would strike the aesthete with a shock to-
day, shock to-day.



You only see ringlets on some "poor old
thing." Let's
Be kind to the *passé*, but primness, but
primness,
With "winkle" curls shaking, is not very
taking.
When linked with old-spinster-like slim-
ness, -like slimness.

I know an "old Biddy"—her name is Miss
TWIDDY—
Who revels in ringlets curled carefully,
carefully.

But ringletted friskers, and mutton-chop
whiskers, and blue gills closely
shaven, -ly shaven! (tion
'Tis sheer revolution! High Art's contribu-
Will be first to croak *à la raven*, *à la raven*.
Will girls then all giggle with ringlets
a-wriggle, [youth did?
As most of the maids of my youth did, my
Will make "mutton-chopper," scowl pom-
pously proper,
Like *Dombey*—as our sires in sooth did, in
sooth did?

Oh how they doddle
around her old nod-
dle!
She's "songful," a
taste which I share
fully, share fully.
But when she will warble
of Halls—they're of
Marble,—
Or Meetings by Moon-
light, I'm sorry, I'm
sorry
To see curls and passion,
so out of the fashion,
Made mock of by "Up-
to-date" FLOTTY,
-date FLOTTY.

But ringlets reviving?
Miss TWIDDY's long
striving
For "Passion's Re-
sponse" mayn't be
hopeless, be hopeless.
In "Days of Pomatum"
(for that's how I
date 'em)
They used more Macas-
sar, and soap less,
and soap less!
Inopportune rain then
put things out of
train then,
NELL's mop, how a
shower would spoil
it, would spoil it!
Curl-papers, concealing
—but there, I'm
revealing
The mysteries dark of
the toilet, the toilet.

LIFE (AND DEATH) IN SOUTH AMERICA.

(Diary of the week's doings, from our own Correspondent on the Spot.)

Monday.—Matters are still very unsettled, and it will take some time before public confidence is entirely restored. The policy of the President in defending the Tramways Extension Bill from the citadel with grape-shot is condemned as an unwise stretch of the provisions of the Constitution. It has caused a reorganisation in the Cabinet, the Secretary for the Interior having resigned, taking with him six regiments of cavalry, four battalions of infantry, and three brigades of artillery. This desertion has naturally lessened the chance of the Employers' Liability Amendment Bill passing this session except at the point of the bayonet. The division on the first reading of the Telegraph State Construction Bill was Ayes, 50 killed, 3 wounded; Noes, 12 killed, 172 wounded. Should this measure pass its second reading it will be opposed from barricades in committee.

Tuesday.—Trade shows some signs of revival, but the continual bombardment of the Stock Exchange by the opposition fleet in the office causes considerable confusion and annoyance. The Minister of War has retired into a parliamentary cave accompanied by the militia. It is considered not improbable that this member of the ministry may throw his ammunition into the scale against his colleagues. The Pauper Property Insurance Bill has not much chance of passing during the present year, unless its supporters can

bombard the capital. The second reading of the Lunacy Acts Consolidation Bill was passed with the assistance of three ironclads and a torpedo catcher. In spite of the pacific turn that events are now taking, some of the older inhabitants express considerable uneasiness.

Wednesday.—The British Consul has given notice that he will hold the ministry responsible for the damage done to his residence. On account of the bombardment he and his family have been forced to reside in a distant greenhouse. The remainder of the consulate is razed to the ground. This being the President's birthday, the hall of the bureau has been crowded with infernal machines sent as presents. The loud ticking of the concealed machinery has caused several complaints to be made to the *concierge*. The President and his family have returned to the seaside. They are being hotly pursued by a large body of cavalry, infantry, and artillery. However, on the whole the outlook is brighter, and the trains and omnibuses have recommenced running.

Thursday.—The President has returned to the capital, as the lodgings he had taken at the seaside were discovered by the rebel fleet, and bombarded. The business of the session progresses slowly but surely. The Minister for War, with the assistance of the Militia, has secured the passing of the vote dealing with his department. He led the charge in person that carried the "Ayes" Division Lobby. If it were not for the constant bombardment of all the principal buildings, and the occasional slaughter of Members of Parliament, things would be almost normal. There is no doubt that the outlook is peaceful.



HOW TO SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING!

[“For the purposes of this production the orchestra has been enlarged, so that some of the instrumentalists have to sit among the audience in the stalls.”
Daily Paper.]

Friday.—Things still quieting down. Traffic in the main thoroughfares is suspended, because the roads are required for charges of cavalry, and the squares are now used for shell practice. The fleet have approached closer. This, of course, causes some additional damage; but as the populace can now hear the bands of the various ships during the pauses in the bombardment, the arrangement is rather popular than otherwise. The Government have apologised to the British Consul for having blown up his house and stables. The incident consequently is at an end. Several Members of the Cabinet have accepted the Consul's invitation to lunch.

Saturday.—The Revolution is practically at an end. The fleet are still bombarding the forts, and the military charge every ten minutes the populace. The Judges, too, find cause for annoyance in the constant invasion of the judicial bench by armed artisans. Most of the fashionable part of the city is in flames, but this is a detail. However, taking all things into consideration, peace and tranquillity may be said to be now restored. Of course they are not exactly the peace and tranquillity of Europe, but they are what people are accustomed to over here. Should anything of further importance transpire it shall be wired immediately; but to all appearance the insurrection is at an end.

TO THE CONTENDANTS IN THE COAL WAR.

Oh, stint your rage, abate your rash insanity!
Fight not like fiends, as brother men agree;
And be “the sweet, sad music of humanity,”
Played in the *minor* key!

THE IDEAL CONVERSATION.

[Miss EMILY FAITHFULL, in the *Ladies' Pictorial*, suggests that girls should always learn up some contribution to make to the family conversation at table.]

MISS FAITHFULL, let me send a line
Of most sincere congratulation
On your magnificent design
To raise the tone of conversation;
The plan you kindly recommend
Rejoices many a careful mother,
And, for the future, we intend,
As runs the phrase, “To use no other.”

At breakfast-time we used to talk
On topics commonplace together,
Designed a picnic, planned a walk,
And even criticised the weather;
We gossiped in an idle way,
And made in turn our several guesses
About the age of Mrs. A.,
The price of Lady X.'s dresses.

But now, according to your scheme,
Each carefully-instructed maiden
Discourses on a worthy theme,
And comes with fact and figures laden;
To-day, for instance, MURIEL gave
Some gems from CICERO's orations,
While MAUD reviewed, in language grave,
The Lower Tertiary Formations.

And KATE—the mischief-making KATE
Who formerly would merely prattle—
Described, in accents most sedate,
The use of cavalry in battle.
In fact, by this most noble plan,
Which on your kind advice we're using,
Our conversation never can
Deserve your censure as amusing!

THE FOOL WITH A GUN.

(To the Tune of the “Temptation of St. Antony.”)

THERE are many fools that worry this world,
Fools old, and fools who're young;
Fools with fortunes, and fools without,
Fools who dogmatise, fools who doubt,
Fools who snigger, and fools who shout,
Fools who never know what they're about,

And fools all cheek and tongue;
Fools who're gentlemen, fools who're cads,
Fools who're greybeards, and fools who're
Fools with manias, fools with fads, [lads;
Fools with cameras, fools with tracts,
Fools who deny the stubborn facts,
Fools in theories, fools in acts;

Fools who write Theosophist books,
Fools who believe in Mahatmas and spooks;
Fools who prophesy—races and Tophets—
Bigger fools who believe in prophets;
Fools who quarrel, and fools who quack;
In fact, there are all sorts of fools in the
Fools fat, thin, short, and tall; [pack,
But of all sorts of fools, the Fool with a Gun
(Who points it at someone—of course, “in
fun”——

And fools around till chance murder is done)
Is the worstest fool of them all!

“BRING AT CHARGES.”—A subject for companion picture to the well-known “*The Last Charge at Waterloo*” would be “*The Last Charge of the Archbishop of Canterbury*.” For ourselves, in preference to either the ecclesiastical or the military view of a charge, we like to hear the Lord Mayor's toast-master call out, “Gentlemen! Charge—your glasses!!”

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE VI.—The Breakfast-room at Hornbeam Lodge.

TIME—8.40 A.M. on Saturday morning. Mrs. TOOVEY is alone, making the tea.

Mrs. Toovey (to herself). I cannot think what has come to THEOPHILUS. He has come down late for prayers every morning this week. Such a bad example for any household, and Cook is beginning to notice it—I could see it in her eye as she came in. He is so strange in his manner, too; if I did not know he was absolutely incapable of—but why did he secrete that abominable programme of CHARLES's? He said he kept it with a view to making inquiries, but I have heard nothing about them since. (Aloud, to PHREBE, who brings in dishes and two letters.) Oh, the post, PHREBE? It's late this morning. (PHREBE goes out.) One for Pa, and one for me—from ALTHEA—it was certainly time she wrote. (Reading her letter.) "Delightful visit... the MERRIDEWS so kind... so much to see and do... back on Monday... no time for more at present." Not a word of where she's been or what she's seen—not at all the letter a girl should write to her mother! I wonder whom Pa's letter is from? (She turns it over.) What's this? "Eldorado Palace of Varieties" printed on the flap! Why, that's CHARLES's music-hall! Then Pa has been making inquiries after all. As CHARLES's aunt I have a right to— (She is about to open the envelope.) No, I'd better not. I hear Pa's hum—he will be sure to tell me what they say.

Mr. Toovey enters (humming, to give himself a countenance). Ha, so you've had prayers without me? Quite right—quite right.

Mrs. Toov. (severely). Anything but right, Pa. You ought to have been down long ago. I heard you brushing your hair as I went out.

Mr. Toov. (feebly). It was very tiresome, my love, but my collar-stud got under the wardrobe, and I couldn't get it out for ever so long.

Mrs. Toov. Your things have taken to behave in a very extraordinary manner, Pa. Yesterday it was your braces!

Mr. Toov. I—I believe it was my braces yesterday. Ah well, we must bear with these little vexations—bear with them! (To himself.) A letter for me? From the Eldorado! It's the box! I—I hoped Mr. CURFEW had forgotten. (He thrusts it into his pocket unopened, in a flurry.)

Mrs. Toov. Is there any reason why you shouldn't read your letter, Pa? It may be of importance.

Mr. Toov. I—I don't think it is, my love—particularly. It—it will keep till after breakfast. What is this—kedgeroo? Ha! I've come down with quite an appetite—quite a famous appetite!

(He pokes at his kedgeroo ostentatiously.)

Mrs. Toov. Perhaps I'd better ring and have two more eggs boiled if you're so hungry as all that, Pa?

Mr. Toov. (in terror at this suggestion). Not for me, my love, not for me. I—I've made an excellent breakfast!

Mrs. Toov. Then now, Pa, perhaps you will be at leisure to read your letter. I am curious to know what correspondence you can possibly have with an Eldorado Palace.

Mr. Toov. (to himself). Oh, dear me, she's seen the flap! Why do they put the name outside—so thoughtless of them! (He opens the letter.) Yes, it is the order. I can't show it to CORNELIA! (Aloud.) I—I told you I was making inquiries.

Mrs. Toov. About CHARLES's habits? So you've written to the Manager, without consulting me! Well—what does he say?

Mr. Toov. (to himself). I don't like these deceptions—but I must consider poor CHARLES. (Aloud.) Oh—hum—very little, my love, very little indeed, but satisfactory—most satisfactory—he's no complaint to make of CHARLES—none whatever!

Mrs. Toov. As if it was likely you would get the truth from such a tainted source! Let me see his letter.

Mr. Toov. (pocketing the letter again, hastily). No, my dear love, you must excuse me—but this is a private and confidential communication, and—and, in common fairness to CHARLES—I'll trouble

you for another cup of tea. (To himself.) It's for this very night. I've a great mind not to go. How am I to make an excuse for getting away? (Aloud.) I've half a mind to run up some time, and—and look in on CHARLES.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). If CHARLES is misconducting himself, I ought to know—and I will, sooner or later. I'm sure THEOPHILUS is keeping something from me. (Aloud.) I've only put in one lump, Pa. You may find him at home if you went up this afternoon.

Mr. Toov. (reheved). An excellent suggestion, my love. I will go this afternoon. He—he might ask me to stay and dine with him; so if—I don't come back, you'll know where I am—eh? You won't be anxious?

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). He's trying to spare me, but I can see he's most uneasy about CHARLES. (Aloud.) Well, Pa, I don't like the idea of your dining out without me—it will be the first time for years—but still, I shall have to be away myself this evening; there's a special meeting of the Zenana Mission Committee, and Mrs. CUMBERBATCH made such a point of my attending—so, if you feel you really ought to see CHARLES—

Mr. Toov. Oh, I do, my dear. He—he wants looking after. And perhaps, if I could have a little quiet, serious talk with him, after dinner—or over a game of draughts. (To himself.) What a

dissembler I've become; but I do mean to look in on CHARLES, before I go to this Eldorado place, and there may be time for a game of draughts!

Mrs. Toov. You would learn more, THEOPHILUS, by putting a few questions to his landlady. But remember, when you come back, I shall insist on being told everything—everything, mind!

Mr. Toov. Oh, of course, my love, of course. (To himself.) If my visit proves satisfactory, I—I might tell her. It will depend on how I feel—entirely on how I feel.

END OF SCENE VI.

SCENE VII.—The Drawing-room.

It is after luncheon. Mrs. TOOVEY is sitting knitting.

Mr. Toovey (entering, in a frock-coat, carrying a tall hat). Er—CORNELIA, my love, you don't happen to know where the—the latchkey is kept, do you?

Mrs. Toovey. The latchkey, THEOPHILUS! One has never been required in this house yet. What can you possibly want with a latchkey?

Mr. Toov. (to himself). These performances go on till a somewhat advanced hour, I've no doubt, and I might feel it my duty to stay as long as— (Aloud.) I—I only thought it would save PHREBE sitting up for me, my dear.

Mrs. Toov. You need not trouble yourself about that, THEOPHILUS. I will sit up for you, if necessary.

Mr. Toov. (quaking). But you forget your Zenana Mission, my love; you will be out yourself this evening!

Mrs. Toov. (severely). I shall be back by a reasonable hour, Pa,—and so will you, I should hope.

Mr. Toov. I hope so, my love, I'm sure, but—but I may have a good deal to say to CHARLES, you know.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). There's some mystery about that wretched boy, I'm certain. If I could only find out what was in that letter. I wonder if it's in Pa's pocket—I'll soon see. (Aloud.) Turn round, Pa. Ah, I thought as much; one of your coat-tail buttons is as nearly off as it can be!

Mr. Toov. (innocently). Dear me! My Sunday coat, too. I never observed it. Could you just fasten it on a little more securely?

Mrs. Toov. If you take off your coat. I can't do it with you prancing about in front of me, Pa. (Mr. T. takes off his coat.) Now, I can't have you in my drawing-room in your shirt-sleeves—suppose somebody called! Go into your study and wait there till I've done. (Mr. T. departs submissively.) Now if the letter isn't in one of these pockets, it must be in— (She discovers the envelope.) There it is. Now I shall know what CHARLES— I'm sure his poor dear mother would wish to be informed. (She opens the letter.)

"Eldorado Palace of Varieties. Admit Mr. TOOVEY and party to Box C. This portion to be retained." (She tears off a perforated slip.) I will retain it! So THEOPHILUS has been deceiving me—



"Eldorado Palace of Varieties. Admit Mr. Toovey and Party to Box C. This portion to be retained."

this is his business with CHARLES! This is why he kept that programme! And he's allowing himself to be misled by his own nephew! They're going to this music-hall to-night, together! He shall not go—never while I—stop, let me think—yes, he shall go—he shall fill up the measure of his iniquity, little dreaming that I have the clear proof of his deceit! (*She thrusts the slip she has torn off into her workbox, and replaces the envelope with the remainder of the order in the pocket.*) There. He won't notice that anything is missing. He's coming back. I must control myself, or he will be on his guard.

[*She pretends to secure the button with unsteady fingers.*]

Mr. Toov. (*entering*). CORNELIA, my love, don't trouble to do more than is absolutely necessary to keep the button secure—because I'm rather in a hurry. It doesn't matter, so long as it looks respectable!

Mrs. Toov. (*with an effort to restrain her feelings*). I daresay it is quite respectable enough, Pa, for where you are going.

Mr. Toov. Quite, indeed, my dear. But it would never have done to go and call on CHARLES with a button off the back of my coat—no, no. It was fortunate you noticed it in time, my love.

Mrs. Toov. I hope it will prove so, THEOPHILUS. (*To herself.*) And this monster of duplicity is Pa! Oh, I wish I could tell him what I thought of him, but not yet—we will have our reckoning later!

Mr. Toov. (*after putting on his coat*). Then I think I must be going. Any message I can take to CHARLES?

Mrs. Toov. Yes, tell him that I trust he will profit by his good Uncle's example, and that I expect him to dinner on Monday. I may require to have a serious talk with him myself, if your account of this evening is not perfectly satisfactory.

Mr. Toov. I'll tell him, my love, but there's no reason to make yourself uneasy about CHARLES—he'll behave himself—he'll behave himself. (*To himself, as he goes out.*) I must go and see CHARLES now. Oh dear, I do feel so apprehensive about this visit to the Eldorado.—If I could put it off.—But I can't continue to hold those shares without some knowledge.—And Mr. CURFEW made such a point of my going. No, I must go. I—I don't see how I can get out of it!

Mrs. Toov. (*alone*). There he goes, looking so meek and lamblike! Who would suspect, to see him, that that black coat of his was buttoned round a whited sepulchre? Oh, Pa, Pa! That after all these years of blameless life you should suddenly be seized with a depraved desire for unhalloved amusement like this! While I am at the CUMBERBATCHES, engaged in discussing the affairs of the Zenana Mission, you and CHARLES will be—Stop. How do I know he is going with CHARLES at all? If he is capable of deceiving me in one respect, why not in all? (*She takes out the slip and looks at it.*) Mr. TOOVEY and party! What party? May not Pa have been leading a—double life all these years for anything I can tell? He is going to the Eldorado to-night with somebody—that's clear. Who is it? I shall never be easy till I know. And why should I not? There's the meeting, though. I might have a headache. Yes, that will do. (*She goes to her writing-table.*) No, I won't write. I can make some excuse to ELIZA when I see her. And instead of going to the CUMBERBATCHES this evening, I can easily slip up to Waterloo and ask my way to this place. There will be no difficulty in that. Yes, I will go, whatever it costs me. And when Pa goes into this Box C of his, he will find his "party" is larger than he expected!

END OF SCENE VII.

PLAYING THE DEUCE AT THE HAYMARKET.

Of course, to speak with theological accuracy, *The Tempter*, being the "very devil incarnate," ought to be "damned." That this has not been his fate at the Haymarket is owing to Mr. BREKIDORN TREE primarily, to his company secondarily, and to the author remotely. To treat in any fresh dramatic form the story of *Faust* and *Marguerite*, a dramatist must be the subject of a special and peculiar inspiration. Now what this play lacks is inspiration.

What in this piece ENRY HAUTHOR JONES mistook for the "divine afflatus" is mere long-windedness. His *Tempter* may be an entertainer assuming various disguises, and more and more like himself on every occasion, but a real devil he is not, except so far as Mr. TREE with wonderful art makes him; and, even then, the question is forced upon us, would any devil with any sort of self-respect, pick up a cross-handled dagger just as if it were an ordinary walking-stick, and politely return it to its owner? This is the first time that a devil on the stage hasn't shuddered and grovelled at the sight of a cross-handle. Again, how far more effective would some of the supernatural movements of this irredeemably wicked personage have been had they been performed by means of some clever arrangement of "wires," such as that with which Mlle. JENNA used to astonish the public? Where are the stage mechanists who assisted GEORGE CONQUEST, that unique representative of sprites and gnomes, who achieved success by "leaps and bounds?"

Fortunately the piece does not depend for its success on mere mechanism, but on the acting of Mr. TREE, which is in all respects admirable in its diabolical variety; much depends, too, on Mrs. TREE, who is charming and sympathetic in a small part. Mr. TERRY, who occasionally, in tone and look, reminds me of HENRY IRVING, contributes his share towards the general histrionic excellence, as also does Miss JULIA NEILSON, who in tone and action frequently makes me wish that once and for ever she would give up attempting an imitation of ELLEN TERRY. But be it said that the acting of this couple is remarkably good in the love scene, as it is also in the very trying death scene, which could have been so easily and so utterly ruined.

The author is at his best in his curt, cynical, sentences. Epigrams are few and far between in the play, but what there are go to the devil, that is, are given to the "Old Gentleman," with the best possible result. ENRY HAUTHOR is at his worst in the long speeches, not one of which, no matter to whom it may fall, but would be the better for cutting. Of course, suggestions for abbreviating the *Tempter's* part would not be favourably entertained by the principal actor, as, naturally enough, any Tree objects to being cut down; and as his personal success is too decided for him to be "cut up," the Tree will have to remain,

though lopping and pruning would be advantageous to the growth and strength of this Tree now that it has assumed these proportions. And the moral? Well, GOETHE, I think, in the poem was a trifle hazy about the ultimate fate of his lovers; but in the opera there is no doubt about it. With *Marguerite* it was "Here we go, up, up, up," and with *Faust* it was just the reverse: but the operative *Faust* will always "go down" when sung and played as it was this season at Covent Garden. I forget



"Arbor in Arbore." A Wood Engraving.

what Bolero does with his erring couple, but where Mr. JONES's demon resembles Bolero's, and also BYRON's, Satan, is in his monologues addressed directly to the Supreme Being. But those Satans were Fallen Archangels of Heaven; this of ENRY HAUTHOR's is a Fallen Angel of Islington. This illogical demon sneers at one of the characters for not using language sufficiently strong to express his feelings; yet when his own turn comes his blasphemy is vulgar, and so mild that not the sternest magistrate would like to fine him for it. And strange to say, in one passage (which most persons would have deemed objectionable, did it not come to them on the authority of the Lord Chamberlain's Theatrical Licensing office), the Prince of Darkness shows himself a gentleman curiously ignorant of such elementary Christian theology as he could have picked up from a penny catechism. How Mr. TREE was ever induced to attempt the *Tempter* by ENRY HAUTHOR, will remain a mystery to the end of the run, and if that should be in the far distant future, the mystery will be Tree-mendous, and absolutely impenetrable. The costumes are artistic and superb, the scenery effective, though the majestic proportions of Canterbury Cathedral are rather dwarfed by the imposing figure of the Very Deuce, who is "all over the place."

Morning Thought.

(By a chilly Autumn Guest at a Country House.)

GR-N-R-N! No fire in the grate—for our hostess is thrifty—Although the thermometer stands below fifty!

Well, I wish to be courteous and sober; But the biggest of pests is that pig of a host—In a climate like ours, too!—who makes it his boast That "he never starts fires till October!"

A GOOD KICK-OFF.—The "Rugby" decision against "professional" football. Let us hope it will be followed by an equally energetic "kick-out" of the growing "rowdy" element in this popular, if somewhat over-praised, "National game." All good sportsmen long to see a "penalty kick" administered to black-guardism in the football field.



THE PERSONAL EQUATION.

Ducal Butler (showing Art Treasures of Stillon Castle). "THE THREE GRACES—AFTER CANOVA!"
Mrs. Ramabotham. "HOW INTERESTING! AND PRAY, WHICH IS THE PRESENT DUCHESS?"

ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

(Modern Teutonic Version.)

"My complaint being of a nervous character, I share the opinion of my doctor that, if I pass the winter in the midst of my accustomed surroundings and occupations, it will be the most likely means of promoting my recovery."—*Prince Bismarck's reply to the German Emperor's Letter.*

Diogenes (of Kissingen) loquitur:—

Only to leave me to my tub! Ha! had him there I flatter me!
Too late, my ALEXANDER, now to butter or to batter me!
You "Dropped the Pilot"—with that youthful confidence that some adore—
The "whirligig of time" has turned; the "Pilot" drops the "Commodore."

A *floo* for Imperial "Pots," and their young princely progenies.
 Belated condescension won't conciliate DIOGENES.
 Cynic and Conqueror exchange compliments Ciceronian.
 But—there's a sting in some smooth words, for a mouthing Macedonian.

Mine are not *sanitary* "tubs," the Varzin, or the other one
 At Friedricharub, you hint. Oh get away, and do not bother one!
 I've got a "nervous system" now, and noisy, young, despotical,
 "Shock-headed Peters" worry one, when aged and neurotical.

Your castles, and your palaces, and things, in Central Germany.
 I "trample on"—like Plato's pride Ha! does that make you squirm any?

Confer with your Court Marshal, if you like; I only promise I'll
 Transfer my Tub—to Friedricharub, when up to change of domicile.

"How to command men" is my skill, as 'twas of him of Pontus,
 Sire,

You can't command such men as I just when 'you chance to want
 us, Sire!

As soon as Doctor SCHWENINGER says he has no objection, Sire,
 I'll travel to another Tub—but not of your selection, Sire.

Sings—

'Midst castles and palaces though I *might* roam,
 Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.
 The charm of the Tub seems to hallow me there,
 Which all Central Germany's castles can't share.
 Home! home! Sweet, sweet home!
 Though 'tis only a Tub, there is no place like home!

An exile from court, castles dazzle in vain.
 Oh! give me my Tub and I'll gladly remain.
 A proud ALEXANDER I'm sorry (!) to snub,
 But—keep your fine castles, leave me to my Tub!
 Home! home! Sweet, sweet home!
 Though you mayn't like its "climate," there's no place
 like home! [Left curled up in it.]

"PAS MÊME ACADÉMIEN!"

[ALBERT MOORE, the exquisite decorative painter, died on September 25, at the age of fifty-two, "without Academic honour."]

"Love is enough." Beauty, it seems, is not.
 And yet upon our land's artistic fame,
 It seems—does it not, Sire?—a bitter blot
 That the official roll lacks this great name!
 No matter! The R. A., with tight-closed door,
 Hath less—of honour; English Art hath MOORE!

"DID you hear PADEREWSKI the pianist?" asked someone of our
 old friend Mrs. R. "Oh, yes," she replied; "I was most fortunate.
 He played for several hours at a friend's house, and he gave us the
 whole of his R. partee."

RIDDLE BY 'ARRY.—"Look 'ere, if you're speakin' of a young un-
 married lady bein' rather 'uffy, what well-known river would you
 name?—Why, 'Miss is 'ippy, o' course."

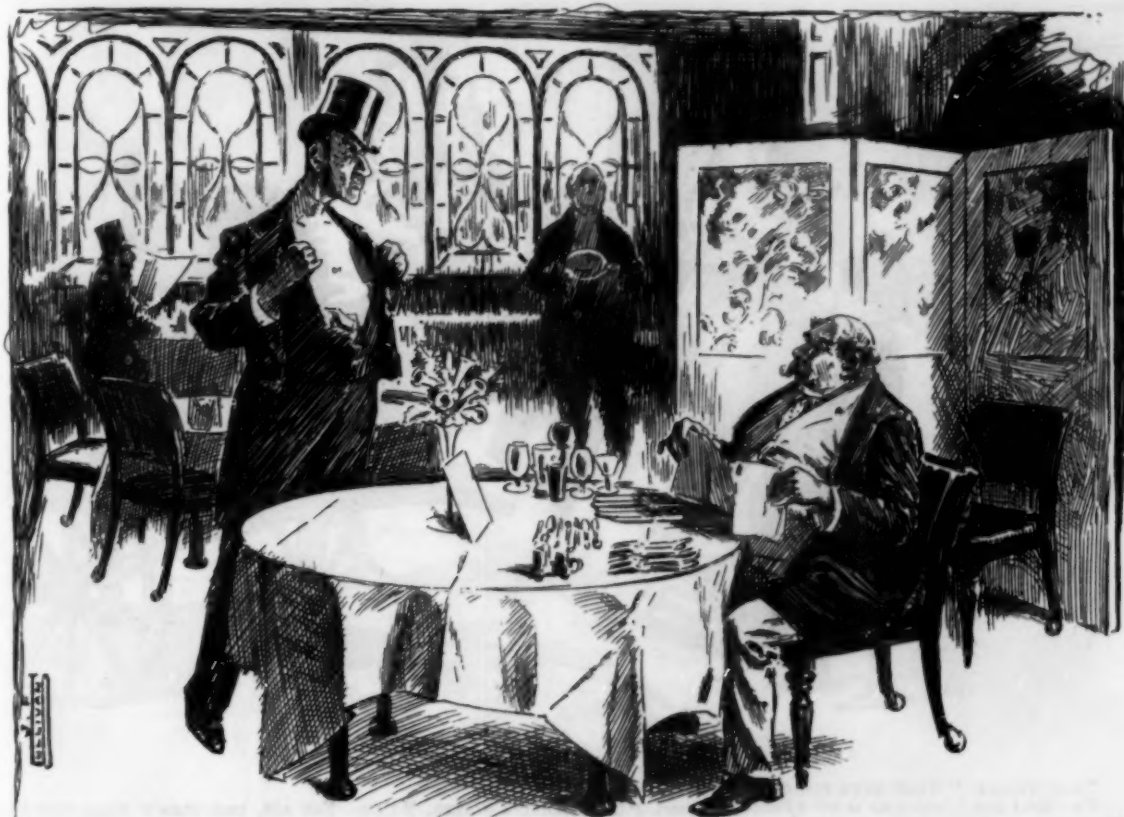


ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

ALEXANDER. "IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU? CASTLE? OR ANYTHING OF THAT SORT?"
DIOGENES. "NO—ONLY TO LEAVE ME TO MY TUB!!!"



THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY



GUESTS TO BE AVOIDED.

"HULLO, OLD MAN! HOW'S IT YOU'RE DINING AT THE CLUB! THOUGHT YOUR WIFE TOLD ME SHE HAD THE BROWNS AND SMITHS TO DINNER THIS EVENING!"

"NO—THAT WAS YESTERDAY. THIS EVENING SHE HAS THE ODDS AND ENDS!"

RIFLEMEN—"FORM!"

(A new Volunteer Song, "in vulgar parlance," brought up to date, after Lord Tennyson.)

"It is not going too far to say that thousands of men best fitted, physically and morally, to serve as officers or in the ranks, hold aloof from the Volunteers, because they are keenly alive to inefficiency of the average Volunteer. In vulgar parlance they look upon Volunteering as 'bad form.'"—*The Times*.]

THERE is a sound that must terribly jar
On the ears of the West in our finical day;
'Tisn't a sound of battle and war,
But of something much worse in its
"vulgar" way.

Storm's warm about Volunteer "form,"
Ready, be ready against that storm!
"Form!" "Form!" Riflemen, "Form!"

Be not deaf to the sound that warns!
What? "Bad form!"—that's a prig's
last plea.

Are figs of thistles? or grapes of thorns?
How can W. feel with E. C.?
"Form!" "Form!" Riflemen, "Form!"
Ready to meet "Sassie's" storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, shun "bad form!"

Reform your "form"! Abide nothing
"low"!

Look to yon butts, and take good aims!

But better a miss, or a magpie or so.

Then that bad, bad form which "Sassie" shames.

Storm's warm about Volunteer "form,"

Ready, be ready against that storm!

Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen—"Form!!!"

For "form" be ready to do or die

"Form," in "Sassie's" name, and the
QUEEN'S!

"In vulgar parlance" "good form" 's the
cry—

Though only a fribble knows what it means.

But "Form!" "Form!" Riflemen, "Form!"

Ready, be ready to meet the storm
Against the Riflemen's "shocking bad form!"

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD VADE MECUM.

Question. What are the functions of the School Board?

Answer. To protest against the conduct of the Educational Department.

Q. In this protest has the Board the sympathy of the public?

A. Unquestionably; because the conduct of the Educational Department is calculated to send up rates.

Q. But does not the Department look after the sanitary side of the matter?

A. Perhaps so; but sanitation is too

expensive a matter to be treated without the maturest consideration.

Q. Are the recommendations of the Department unreasonable?

A. Very. The Board is required to make the most costly alterations in buildings that have already eaten up a large sum of money, and should not consume a penny more.

Q. But are not the suggested improvements ones that would be accepted nowadays in any new design?

A. Certainly, but then their adoption would be the cause of little or no expense.

Q. Then should science stop still until the rates become abated?

A. That would be the practical course for science to pursue.

Q. But leaving grievances out of the question, what can be said about education?

A. That is a matter of secondary importance, when compared with the latest sanitary developments.

Q. But how about the children? Have they been educated? What can be said about them?

A. Nothing. So far as the School Board is concerned, the question of education in general is absolutely of secondary importance.

Q. Then the career of a child need not be considered nor watched?

A. Of course not. The sole means suggested for teaching a child is to squabble with the Government and to more or less ignore the requirements of the schoolmaster.



"ON THE CHANCE."

Young Mamma. "WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE, MY GOOD MAN?"
The "Good Man." (seeing she is not a Potato Customer). "ONLY BOILING WATER, MA'AM. YOU SEE, THIS TIME O' YEAR, THE SEA GETS RATHER COLD, AND SOME OF THE LADIES ARE SO PARTICULAR ABOUT THEIR LITTLE TODDLERS, BLESS 'EM!"
Young Mamma (struck with the idea). "OH, THEN, PLEASE BE HERE TO-MORROW MORNING AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, AND BRING TWO CANS!"
[At once tenders him a Shilling. Needless to say Our Artist was not up in time to see if appointment was kept punctually.]

BISHOP BOBADIL.

"As to the course which the English Government should take in this matter, he was in favour of their acting on the principles enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount; but when it was found that a contrary course was necessary, then they must drop the sermon and have recourse to the sword."—The Bishop of DERRY, in Westminster Abbey, on the subject of Mashonaland.]

Of old the bully swaggered free,
 He recked not how the fight arose;
 He wore his warlike panoply,
 A hireling and a man of blows.
 He knew no mercy, was not meek
 (The meek are blessed, said the Lord);
 If one should smite him on the cheek,
 He turned, but turned to draw his sword.
 He trod the weaker in the mire,
 Nor stayed from blood his mailed hand,
 And tramped in fury and in fire
 Through many a devastated land.
 I blame him not, it was his trade;
 Though small his care for wrong or right,
 At least he fought himself, nor stayed
 At home to bid the others fight.
 Long since we've placed him on the shelf;
 Beheld instead, his crossier drawn,
 Within the sacred Minster's self
 A bully blustering in lawn.
 A broad-brimmed stirrer up of strife,
 "I hold," he cries, "of small account
 His sense who stoops to base his life
 Upon the Sermon on the Mount."

"That is, if unprepared to strike,
 Some help that Sermon may afford.
 You suit yourselves, and, when you like,
 You drop it and you draw the sword."
 Go to, you loud and foolish priest,
 Nor scorn the precepts you should keep.
 Still is it true that, west or east, [sheep.
 The wolves are sometimes clothed like
 And here ('twas thus in ancient days)
 False prophets shame the Master still.
 And congregations chant the praise
 Of blatant Bishop BOBADIL.

WOODMEN, SPARE THOSE TREES!

New (New Forest) Version.

[Mr. AUDRON HERBERT says "the rapacious and spendthrift" woodmen of the Crown have recently felled two hundred oaks in the New Forest.]

WOODMEN, spare those trees!
 You're playing up rare jokes
 In felling, at your ease,
 Hundreds of British oaks.
 We'd ax you stay your ax!
 Come! no official rot!
 Or *Punch's* wrath may wax,
 And then—you'll get it hot.

Those old familiar trees
 Are glory and renown.
 Don't think your business, please,
 Is just to hew them down!
 We ask you, for the nonce,
 If such appeal is vain,
 We'll bid you, sharp, at once,
 "Cut"—and don't come again!

"GOOD SIR JOHN!"

(To Sir John Gilbert, R.A., on his receiving the Freedom of the City. By an Old Boy.)

Good Black (and White) Knight,
 Our youth's joint delight,
 With that other Black Knight, dear Sir
 WALTER'S
 (Whom you pictured well),
 Ancient memories swell,
 Till language, in praising you, falters.
 You drew, with such dash,
 All our heroes; they flash
 On our memories. Ah, we thanked you so
 For Dons, Rosinantes,
 And Sancho (CERVANTES)
 "Leather-Stocking," and Robinson Crusoe.
 Our fancies still carry
 Your (SHAKESPEARE'S) King Harry,
 We know our own boyhood's sound alumbers
 Were haunted by Pucks,
 Robin Hoods, Friar Tucks,
 And scenes from your brave Christmas Num-
 bers.
 God bless you, Sir JOHN,
 For your Knight and your Don,
 Who moved our youth's fervour and pity!
 Sure every Old Boy
 Hopes you long may enjoy
 The freedom (and health) of our City!

RIDDLE FOR THE GREAT REALIST.

Q. WHEN is a sailor like a French journalist?
 A. When he has to "sign articles."



WHO WOULD NOT BE A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT?



A NEAT WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Cubby (to Clergyman, who has paid the legal fare). "Won't leave me much for the Hoffertory next Sunday, Sir, will it?"

THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(By Cunnin Toil.)

NO. V.—THE HUNGARIAN DIAMOND.

EVERYBODY must remember the apparently causeless panic that seized the various European governments only a few years ago. It was the dead season. Members of Parliament were all disporting themselves on the various grouse-moors which are specially reserved for that august legislative body in order that there may be no lack of accuracy in the articles of those who imagine that the 12th of August brings to every M.P. a yearning for the scent of heather and the sound of breech-loading guns. Suddenly, and without any warning, a great fear spread through Europe. Nobody seemed able to state precisely how it began. There were, of course, some who attributed it to an after-dinner speech made by the German Emperor at the annual banquet of the Blue Bismarck, the famous Cuirassier regiment of which the Grand Duke of SCHNUPFTUCHSTEIN is the honorary commanding officer. Others again saw in it the influence of M. PAUL DEBOULEDE, while yet a third party attributed it with an equal assumption of certainty to the fact that Austria had recently forbidden the import of Servian pigs. They were all wrong. The time has come when the truth must be known. The story I am about to tell will show my extraordinary friend, PICKLOCK HOLES, on an even higher pinnacle of unmatchable acumen than that which fame has hitherto assigned to him. He may be vexed when he reads my narrative of his triumphs, for he is as modest as he is inductive; but I am determined that, at whatever cost, the story shall be made public.

It was on one of those delightful evenings for which our English summer is famous, that HOLES and I were as usual sitting together and conversing as to the best methods of inferring an Archbishop from a hat-band and a Commander-in-Chief from a penny-whistle. I had put forward several plans which appeared to me to be satisfactory, but HOLES had scouted them one after another with a cold impassivity which had not failed to impress me, accustomed though I was to the great man's exhibition of it.

"Here," said HOLES, eventually, "are the necessary steps. Hat-band, band-master, master-mind, mind-your-eye, eye-ball, ball-bearing, bear-leader, Leda and the Swan, swan-bill, bill-post, post-

cart, cart-road, roadway, Weybridge, bridge-arch, arch-bishop. The inference of a Commander-in-Chief is even easier. You have only to assume that a penny-whistle has been found lying on the Horse-Guards' Parade by the Colonel of the Scots Guards, and carried by him to the office of the Secretary of State for War. Thereupon you subdivide the number of drummer-boys in a regiment of Goorkhas by the capital value of a sergeant's retiring pension, and—"

But the rest of this marvellous piece of concise reasoning must remain for ever a secret, for at this moment a bugle-call disturbed the stillness of the summer night, and HOLES immediately paused.

"What can that mean?" I asked, in some alarm, for Camberwell (our meeting place) is an essentially unmilitary district, and I could not account for this strange and awe-inspiring musical demonstration.

"Hush," said HOLES, with perfect composure; "it is the agreed signal. Listen. The great Samovar diamond, the most brilliant jewel in the turquoise crown of Hungary, has been lost. The Emperor of AUSTRIA is in despair. Next week he is due at Pesth, but he cannot appear before the fierce and haughty Magyars in a crown deprived of the decoration that all Hungary looks upon as symbolical of the national existence. A riot in Pesth at this moment would shake the Austro-Hungarian empire to its foundations. With it the Triple Alliance would crumble into dust, and the peace of Europe would not be worth an hour's purchase. It is, therefore, imperative that before the dawn of next Monday the diamond should be restored to its wonted setting."

"My dear HOLES," I said, "this is more terrible than I thought. Have they appealed to you, as usual, after exhausting all the native talent?"

"My dear POTPOX," replied my friend, "you ask too much. Let it suffice that I have been consulted, and that the determination of the question of peace or war lies in these hands." And with these words the arch-detective spread before my eyes those long, sinewy, and meditative fingers which had so often excited my admiration.

Our preparations for departure to Hungary were soon made. I hardly know why I accompanied HOLES. It seemed somehow to be the usual thing that I should be present at all his feats. I thought he looked for my company, and though his undemonstrative nature would never have suffered him to betray any annoyance had I remained absent, I judged it best not to disturb the even current of his investigations by departing from established precedent. I therefore departed from London—my only alternative. Just as we were setting out, HOLES stopped me with a warning gesture.

"Have you brought the clue with you?" he asked.

"What clue?"

"Oh," he answered, rather testily, "any clue you like, so long as it's a clue. A torn scrap of paper with writing on it, a foot-print in the mud, a broken chair, a soiled overcoat—it really doesn't matter what it is, but a clue of some kind we must have."

"Of course, of course," I said, in soothing tones. "How stupid of me to forget it. Will this do?" I continued, picking up a piece of faded green ribbon which happened to be lying on the pavement.

"The very thing," said HOLES, pocketing it, and so we started. Our first visit on arriving at Pesth was to the Emperor-King, who was living incognito in a small back alley of the Hungarian capital. We cheered the monarch's heart, and proceeded to call on the leader of the Opposition in the Hungarian Diet. He was a stern man of some fifty summers, dressed in the national costume. We found him at supper. HOLES was the first to speak. "Sir," he said, "resistance is useless. Your schemes have been discovered. All that is left for you is to throw yourself upon the mercy of your King."

The rage of the Magyar was fearful to witness. HOLES continued, inexorably:—"This piece of green ribbon matches the colour of your Sunday tunic. Can you swear it has not been torn from the lining? You cannot. I thought so. Know then that wrapped in this ribbon was found the great Samovar diamond, and that you, you alone, were concerned in the robbery."

At this moment the police broke into the room.

"Remove his Excellency," said HOLES, "and let him forthwith expiate his crimes upon the scaffold."

"But," I ventured to interpose, "where is the diamond? Unless you restore that—"

POTPOX whispered HOLES, almost fiercely, "do not be a fool."

As he said this, the door once again opened, and the Emperor-King entered the room, bearing on his head the turquoise crown, in the centre of which sparkled the great Samovar, "the moon of brilliancy," as the Hungarian poets love to call it. The Emperor approached the marvellous detective. "Pardon me," he said, "for troubling you. I have just found the missing stone under my pillow."

"Where," said HOLES, "I was about to tell your Majesty that you would find it."

"Thank you," said his Majesty, "for restoring to me a valued possession and ridding me of a knave about whom I have long had my suspicions." The conclusion of this speech was greeted with loud "Elyens," the Hungarian national shout, in the midst of which we took our leave. That is the true story of how the peace of Europe was preserved by my wonderful friend.

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